



**The Ploughman.**

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1887.

*All persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been and when it was sent.**HERS ANNOUNCEMENT.**A sum of fifty cents will be made on all yearly advance payments for the Ploughman, (or \$2.00 net) between this date Oct. 1, and Jan. 1, 1888.**MEETING OF FARMERS.*

There will be a meeting of Farmers in the Hall of the Ploughman Building, 45 Milk street, Boston, Saturday forenoon, Nov. 12th, inst.—commencing at 10 o'clock. Hon. George B. Loring has consented to lead. Subject—“The Horse.” A large number of well-known experts are expected to be present.

**RE-OPENING OF THE FARMERS' MEETINGS.**

The popular Farmers' Meetings which have so justly earned such a wide reputation will be resumed on Saturday next at 11:30 a.m. November 12, in the hall of the Ploughman Building. This announcement will not fail to be received with universal pleasure. It has a wider and richer significance than it had even a year ago by reason of the increased attractions which it implies. Not only will these meetings be held with more interest, but also they will be more numerous. The American Farmers' Association, which has a large number of members in every State and territory, and which is the representative body of the American Farmers, will be present, and will be represented by one of its officers. The first two of these are likely to be present on a serious conflict among labor organizations, inasmuch as the principle of trade autonomy has had but small recognition from the Knights of Labor.

Richard Chadwick of South Lynde, the oldest postmaster in Connecticut, was appointed under Van Buren and has continued in this position forty-eight years, consecutively. He has seen postage fall from 25 cents to 2 cents, and in almost every district and county visisted by a land agent. Yet during the past year, 2,113 entries, covering some \$70,000 acres, have been held for cancellation; and 1,135 entries, covering some 180,000 acres, have been cancelled for fraud. And since he has been in office over 30,000 entries have been made, and another, been restored to the public domain.

**HOME PRODUCTION AS VIEWED ABROAD.**

In the London Morning Post recently appeared an article which abounded with information to all English readers, not to say Americans likewise, on the cost of production at home, both in the agricultural and the manufacturing industries. Great Britain, it reminds his English reader, has a population of 34,000,000, who inhabit a country of 77,000,000 acres, with all the resources of civilization; and with the cheapest coal and iron in the world, with working capital left, a good climate, and a splendid seacoast, can with the greatest ease supply all its food and all its manufactured requirements, provided the people will work hard. The result will be certain, in the conditions of labor are favorable, that if they will not work, the farmers will till their fields if they can make a profit by doing so; but if they cannot, they will let them lie fallow. Sir Edward Say Edward, “those who tell Englishmen they cannot supply their wants in agricultural and manufactured produce, tell them what is not true.” He openly takes up the cause of the Free Traders, who claim that Great Britain can no more produce the food it requires than it can produce the manufactured goods.

In general employment, and the general circulation of wages he maintains, that makes the wealth of a community. As regards the community, he says that the great difference between foreign importation and home production is, that the former enriches the few at the expense of the many, associates the profits of the few with those of the many, and leaves the stocks of which average 16 inches. —Ex-Mayor Moses Humphrey of Concord, attained his eightieth birthday on the 1st of October, when many friends gathered to celebrate the event and presented him with a valuable souvenir.

A Cincinnati woman, frenzied by grief caused by a drunken husband, threw her nine-year-old child out of a three-story window killing it and then leapt forth herself into the arms of her friends. She is living through the terms of all our protection.

The discussions which are the outcome of these weekly meetings of farmers are to be accepted as containing a body of fact, experiment, theory, and reflection, which may properly be styled rich agricultural learning. For there is nothing written in the books or done on the farm which will not be embraced in them. In addition to these meetings, there will always be opportunities for what is in store for them. In the Ploughman a living compendium of information on all subjects connected with agriculture, which will at the end of the season a worthy cyclopedic knowledge of which will be available to repair their methods, refresh their spirits, and renovate their condition.

**MECHANICS' FAIR.**

Daily as this great exhibition draws to a close, excursions from various parts of the country bring great numbers of visitors to the Fair. Standing in an upper gallery and looking down upon the scene below, the eye sees that which cannot soon be forgotten. There are the numerous exhibits of the most attractive and various shapes. At some times dazzling in brilliancy amidst a great array, the throng of men and women of all nations, of all classes of society winding in and out among the exhibits, themselves, a great attraction to any who pause to observe.

The interest awakened by the several displays that tempt many to fill their hands with curiosities, and to taste the various delicacies of the various articles of food and medicine seems to be contagious. And all the while the eye wanders over the scene, fine musical pieces, etc. With the exception of a few short scenes, the grand presence of Leif Erickson was unveiled in Black Rock. It was designed by Miss Annie Whitney, and is a fine bronze figure of the Norseman, representing as standing erect, clad in armor, shading his eyes with one hand, as he catches the perfect vision of the great continent, as it looms up in the foreground of the future's powerful nation. Miss Whitney ranks high among sculptors, and in truth, exerts its wonderful creative effects by the use of a few simple lines. —In this manly and heroic volume is lovingly dedicated to the children of the author, who are sure to prize their father's work.

**LEIF ERICKSON.**

The familiar question of “Who Discovered America?” brings from every school child the answer, Christopher Columbus. And as far as any practical value is concerned, the Spanish may still hold undisputed the claim of discovering America, but there is hardly a doubt anywhere that Leif, the son of Erik, a bold Norseman, landed on the shores of America somewhere southwest of Greenland, 887 years ago. On Saturday, Oct. 29, the presence of a great concourse of people, the grand opening of the Fair, was the occasion of the arrival of Leif Erickson, who was unveiled in Black Rock. It was designed by Miss Annie Whitney, and is a fine bronze figure of the Norseman, representing as standing erect, clad in armor, shading his eyes with one hand, as he catches the perfect vision of the great continent, as it looms up in the foreground of the future's powerful nation. Miss Whitney ranks high among sculptors, and in truth, exerts its wonderful creative effects by the use of a few simple lines. —In this manly and heroic volume is lovingly dedicated to the children of the author, who are sure to prize their father's work.

—A Graslin farmer was recently surprised by triplets, all heifers. The smallest of the calves has died.

—Anton Infantes, an aerostat, fell with his collapsed balloon 600 feet, Oct. 29, and was instantly killed.

—A brilliant meteor was seen in the south heavens at Hartford in the evening of Oct. 31.

—Excessive lawn tennis practice caused the death of a Yale student, Nov. 1st.

—A sure and positive remedy, which is Dr. Green's Nervus Tonic, is good for any crop, on any soil, in any climate. It has been used by the people as an established preparation for over twenty years, and has completely destroyed all insects and diseases of soil, water, and vegetable crops.

—Remember that the best way to prevent sleeplessness and thereby secure the reproductive effects of sound and healthy sleep. It is only half a mile to fly to the use of this preparation daily, and it will be found to be of great service.

—They will be able to call on C. H. Thompson & Co., 71 Clinton St., and see these machines on exhibition whenever it is convenient to visit Boston.

—For our outlet of 35s, above, he processes, we get a quarter of wheat, but if we want the straw we must pay 10s. more for it, and actually have to do so in some shape or another. If we have no straw, we have no mæsse, no bedding for our horses and beasts, and so have to buy it. We are now, he asserts, sending abroad £20,000 worth of straw to India, and we are bound to do so.

—The poor people of Bristol, R. I., are suffering sadly because of the shutting down of the National Rubber Works there.

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## FORBES LITHOGRAPH Manufacturing Co.

181 Devonshire Street,  
BOSTON.

Lithographers,  
Albertype & Photo-Lithographers

Metal & Glass Show Cards,

A thorough and economic means of advertising

FARM IMPLEMENTS & FERTILIZERS.

DIPLOMAS

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

CLARENCE S. BURR,  
Successor to M. J. WARD, formerly of  
JAMES BOYD & SONS.  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FINE HARNESS  
SADDLERY

AND  
Horse Goods of all Kinds.

Also Fire Department Supplies, Garden  
Goss, Hose Reels, Lawn Sprinklers.

BOSTON, MASS.

POSITIVE BARGAINS,

Anything in the line of

FURNITURE!

Or our manufacture at

Wholesale Prices.

F. M. HOLMES FURNITURE CO.

116 Tremont Street, Boston.

WHEELER'S  
Eclipse Windmill.

The Eclipse Windmill of the  
World. Prices \$10 upwards.

Sizes from 6 ft. to 30 ft. diameter.

Windmill, Pump, Tank, Water Pipe, Hose,

etc., etc. Full satisfaction guaranteed.

L. H. WHEELER,  
69 Pearl Street - Boston.

Oct-18

ESTABLISHED 1817.

KIMBALL BROTHERS,

CARRIAGES!

We have the LARGEST STOCK to

be found in New England, and will

make SPECIAL PRICES to reduce

stock.

110, 112 and 114 SUDBURY ST.

BOSTON.

Oct-18

I HAVE A FEW  
Pure-Bred Short-horns  
FOR SALE.

To make room for young ones coming up. They are  
from Prime Stock, which has been shown  
at the New England State Fair, and previous sales.

Two Teacup Calves, both  
over a year old.

Five Heifers, one & two years old.

One Teacup Bull, over a year old.

HODGSON'S STOCK FARM.

BERKSHIRE, N. H.

LATEST IMPROVED  
HORSE POWER

BUCKEYE  
FORCE PUMP.

Works easy and throws a constant

stream of water, and does not require any power.

For \$4.50--Pump  
and Pumping Pipe.

W. L. HODGSON,  
MIDDLETON SPRINGS, Vt.

4th Annual Exhibition and sale by C. S.

Thompson & Co., 71 Clinton St., Boston.

Oct-18

CORN SHELLER.

Patented Nov. 23, 1886.

Widely and effectively used by the

A. H. PATCH, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Repartees from the Corn Sheller and Corn Husking

Machine, F. & G. FOOS & CO.,

345 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

Job-Saw.

2.25 ft. x 12 ft.

## The Poet's Corner.

Adapted for Recitation.  
THE BELL OF HAPPINESS.

[From the German of Seidl, by C. O'Connor English.]

A monarch on his death-bed lay, his life was ending fast; His only son drew nigh he should breathe his last.

And said to him, pointing to the throne: "My son, I have it there,

But you're born of man, of gold, those words

"Then you're young and don't think that this world's a house of joy,

But I am wise, and I know that life is sad,

It torments poor misfortunes, by drops we measure;

We all must grieve the torment, but oft the joy drops most."

He died. The striking in his place the royal bell would pull for him to who now the sounds escape.

Upon the boughs were smiling set, and meant to make it clear

The aged king grew morbid as the hour of death approached.

Upon the palace tower high was hung a silver bell

Which slighted touch sent pealing out far over the earth.

If but one drew the cord that hung beside the royal chair.

Where the king's might knights and dames, the valiant and the peal.

And in the land was known to all the king that bell would pull,

When the sun unlimbered his heart was breathing full,

And a sound day he faintly hoped would pass without a peal.

Announcing through his broad domains the joy he let it be.

Once strode he through his lordly ey, swelling in his breast,

For the love of his loyal friend is of all gifts the best.

"I'll ring, he cried; but to his feet cropt one Soluted back.

"Well, give me your hundred for him? Is it not true?"

Once ready in his heart on fire with triumph and desire,

And said, "Och, proclaim my birth and stout and heaven above!"

But a bold knight chancier: "To thought fair the maiden be,

Not even you can fairly count on her fidelity.

At such deepest the king might, he's monach,

He owns a purse with silver lined, fees fear his hand,

But still has blossoming pastures, and fair meadows greenly spread.

Armed, with art of artisans, God's heaven over head,

He blushed into his window, looked downward and around.

The sound of his happiness in every ear he found.

Back to the cord he hastened, to ring full long and loud,

He who breaks into the hall, and falls on bended knee.

"My king! that host not noticed the smoke, the flame, the crash?"

Foolish Paralytic blaring, lit to the sword that clash!

"Ha! bold masters!" cried the king, with a laugh,

And drawing his avenging sword, he touched the bell rope.

To silver lard his love-locks dark, from sorrows white,

While still upon the turreted high the bell had never run.

And if a pulse could seem like joy his withers heart might move

He then upon the bell that still hung more above.

Now as the king was dying upon his high, he heard the sound of weeping and marvelled at the noise.

He called to his chancellor: "What do they grumble about?"

"My king, his father's dying, and the children stand without."

"Lead them to thy master to me—and do ye hold me dear?"

"A king's life by blood were bought'd but for many a year."

Footsteps softly sounded through the hall, and ears heard the noise.

Of them who pressed to see their king, and blind him at the last.

"And so ye love me deadly?" they answered with a smile.

He heard the low, deep murmur, and his face with rapture shone on his couch, to grasp the card he tried—

A poor soul o'er hill and dale, and smiling still, she died.

Ladies' Department.

MR. PUMPLE'S PARALYTIC.

[From London Truth.]

It was as the owner of that celebrated racing-paralytic, Paralyticus, that Mr. Pumple first achieved fame, it was as the owner of the aforesaid animal that he gained unavoidable notoriety as a turf sharp, a blackguard, and a scoundrel.

And yet, he was the dabbler in racing matters, Mr. Pumple was always considered an honest and straightforward individual, not endued with a superior mind, but wholly incapable of dirty tricks which were subsequently laid to his credit. Before he owned Paralyticus, Mr. Pumple was a racing master, and, as such, was a slight tendency to grow bold and stout, a frank, open, and a boisterous laugh afterwards his name—but I must not anticipate. Mr. Pumple—but I must not anticipate this narrative begins, nothing about horses; cattle were more in line, and his own country of Madland, he was considered a racing master and a dog, he also bred bull-dogs, and was learned in various species of pigeons. But his heart, he scarcely knew a horse from a cow, and he was an amateur roving habits. Mr. Pumple had a friend with him, Mr. Welsh, who had a fancy for picking up a few bob here and there, and had bought several animals on the trot, after much haggling, he bought the aforesaid foal from the carter for a five-pound note.

"What are you going to do with that brute?" asked Mr. Pumple.

"Never fear, how they may turn out," said Mr. Welsh, "there are points about him that I like rather."

"He's got plenty of points, certainly," replied the master. "His bones are all through his skin, and his legs look paralytic. Wish you joy of him."

During their travels the two gentlemen met to wile away the evenings which were dull in the quiet of nap time, and the time came for returning to Eddon, Mr. Welsh was about ten or twelve pounds in his friend's debt. He was the latter worthily disengaged to part with ready money, and Pumple knew that he would have very great difficulty in getting his winnings paid—if, indeed, he had any.

"When are you going to settle the £11, 14s. due?" said Mr. Pumple, on the last evening of their tour.

"It's now," said Mr. Welsh, "I'm rather short after buying all these horses. Besides, you can't be in any hurry."

"Just as well as you like them, growed Mr. Pumple."

"I really haven't got ready," he answered, "but I'll tell you what I'll do." "You shall have the rest."

"That's mighty fine," said Mr. Pumple.

"Yes, but I've given a fiver for him."

"Yes, but I've got a fiver for him."

"I don't get much out of it. He'll make back on his muck, or you can put him in your money-box when it grows up."

"The paralytic breeder, growing-machin is just his form, I should say."

At the end of it was that Mr. Pumple, in the course of getting paid, became the owner of the foal, who, in the way of a joke, he forthwith named Paralyticus.

Some months passed before it burst upon Mr. Pumple's mind that beneath the ungainly exterior of the foal, there were possibilities of future glory. The foal certainly had not wonderfully in his new quarters. Since Mr. Pumple had, however, been the owner of the foal, he was bound to get a sum of money for it.

"What the devil is the meaning of this?" he screamed.

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